January 1996

$1.50

Newsletter of the Eagle Point Historical Society & Museum

Bigger and Better Bonus issue

Eagle Point Champs, 1930
Eagle Point VS Central Point.

L-R:
Front: Elsie Wilhite, Mary Hannaford, Sybil Caster, Ernestine Dahack, Truth Peile.
Row Two: Norma Peile, Freda Chambers, Hazel Smith, Hazel Helms, Dorothy Wilhite.
Back: Margeurite Marshall, Miss Mildred Burt (coach). Not pictured is team member Dorothy Coy. (Additional information page 10).

Editor,
Barbara Hegne

inside...

Stories From the Past	page 2
Gift Shop News & Donations	Page 3
Rare Photo & New Members	page 4
Tunnel #13 Holdup (feature Story)	page 5-10
Board Members & Volunteers	Page 11
Pictures From the Past	Page 12-13
The Old Agate School	Page 14
1854 Survey Map of the Wagon Road Across the Agate Desert (White City)	Page 15

Stories From The Past

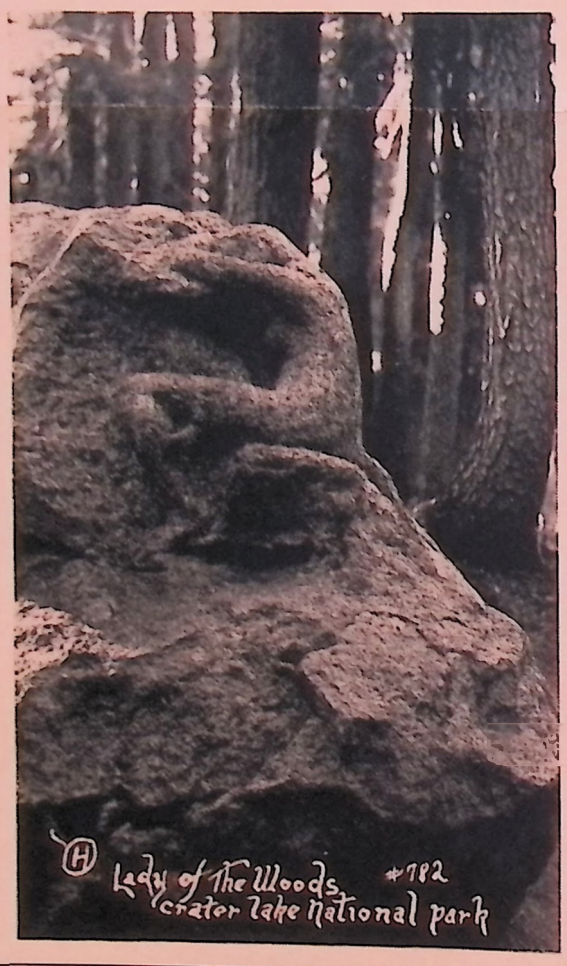
The Mystery of the Mummy

The following story was extracted from the Medford Mail Tribune August 12, 1919.

Parties working at Crater Lake National Park recently discovered in the woods one-fourth mile from the road or trail a mysterious figure of a woman-an effigy or petrifaction which may date back to the mummies of Egypt or New Mexico, and will merit the investigation of scholars, according to B. F. Piatt of this city.

The figure is that of a woman in a crouching position with both forearms lifted in a defensive position before her face, and is reclining against a large boulder. But few have seen the figure and all are impressed with the appearance of antiquity and mystery.

Was she a victim of the great cataclysm in which the masses of material from the exploding Mt. Mazama were thrown over a wide area and were no doubt the cause of the immense quantities of petrified wood and incrusted plants, insects and wild life found in the preparation of agates and similar stones, in the far distant age before Crater Lake was in existence?

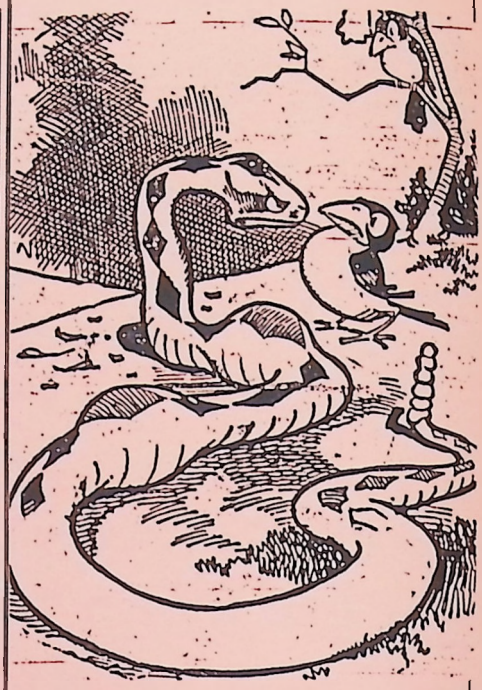


This mysterious find is about 500 feet northerly from the road running westerly from the main Crater Lake road about one-fourth of a mile this side of the government engineers camp, in or at the side of a canyon or creek, the second one from the main road and the second one having a bridge.

Post card of the "Lady of the Woods", Crater Lake National Park. Photo courtesy Lois West

Among the parties who have seen this wonderful curiosity are B. F. Piatt, John Barkdull, Sid Wheeler and W. J. Coggins.

Snakes Alive



When the Rogue Valley was first settled large rattlesnakes were plentiful. Everyone had to be on the watch for them.

Democratic Times July 26, 1873: A large number of rattlesnakes have been killed this summer. One reptile with 13 rattles was destroyed on Antelope, one with 15 rattles was killed near Hurd's sawmill.

June 1891: J. J. Fryer has had his peaches stolen off his trees, and the suspected parties are being watched. He put his bed in the fruit orchard and slept 3 or 4 nights. One day he decided to go and rest on his bed and read a while. He heard an unusual noise and discovered a large rattlesnake close to his bed so he concluded that the fruit might go if he had to sleep with rattlesnakes, and like one in old time, he took up his bed and walked and that very night his fruit was stolen.

1892: Mrs. Howlett killed a rattlesnake. It had 8 rattles and a button. John Rader killed one in his door. It had 12 rattles and a button.

July 28, 1892: James Lewis killed a rattlesnake near J. J.Fryer's place. It was 3 feet in length, 3 inches diameter, 9 rattles and 1 button.

Snakes Alive Continued

1896: While thrashing his grain last week, A. J. Daley killed the largest rattlesnake of the season. It measured 4 feet long by 8 inches in circumference and had 8 rattles and a button.

Aug. 1905: William Abbott's little baby boy 3 years old playing in the yard around the head of Clark's Creek. A large rattlesnake bit him on the foot. The child said the snake was lying in the yard looking at him. He walked up and kicked it and got bit. The father sucked all the poison out that he could, bathed the wound with soda and water and spirits of turpentine and covered the foot with mud. Mae Abbott said the mud seemed to foam the same as fruit soured in a jar. The next morning the foot had turned a green color. The boy is fine. Author's note: This little boy is Elga Abbott of Butte Falls.

July 1910: Walter McCallum had a rather thrilling experience the other evening on the Rogue River road near Bybee bridge. The shades of night were falling on the desert as Walter was homeward bound in his trusty auto. Then the steering gear of the afore said trusty went out of commission without any previous notice. Walter got the machine stopped without mishap and got out to investigate the steering apparatus, when a chorus of rattlesnakes struck up a serenade that reminded him of Schubert's celebrated composition, because it was so different. They seemed to be all around the car.

Walter hastily climbed into the machine and pulled the fenders in after him, and for four mortal hours balanced himself on one toe on the uppermost part of the seat back until the serenaders retired from the road. For the benefit of inquiring friends, Walter states that he has not sampled any of the particular brand of booze which makes men see such things, and that for six years he has occupied a place on the water wagon that would make Joe Scott dizzy.

News From the Gift Shop

November was a record sell-out month. We sold $298 worth of merchandise. This included books, magnets, newsletters, address books, and calendars. We still have a few Eagle Point calendars featuring old time buildings of Eagle Point, they are a limited edition. On sale in our gift shop.

We have two new books added to our resale items, "People and Stories of the Rogue River Country" and "Short Stories of Carole Nielson", both by member, Carole Nielson, of Shady Cove. The books sell for $10 and can be purchased at Terry's Market, Shady Cove, Southern Oregon Historical Society and in our gift shop. The books have select stories Carol has written about our area. Carole contributes various articles to our newsletter (see "Tunnel 13 Holdup" in this issue). We are very fortunate to have her share her talents with our organization.

Special Events

October special groups visiting the museum included: the American Accoc. of University Women (antique interest); Royal Oak Retirement Home of Medford; Shady Cove Boy Scout Troop (Den 2); and 12 German exchange students under the direction of Beverly Johnson.

New Donations:

Midge Harnish , six wooden salt dishes with small shell spoons; Joan Hust, "Madrid pattern" depression plate & a complete girl scout uniform; Everette Jennings, "Star" tobacco cutter; Lloyd Albern, art work of the Willamette Shay # 4; Fred Teisheira, one Adz & one Fro; Mitch Milich, several volumns of Mark Twain books with signature of Peter Applegate; Barbara Hegne three old-time watches & collector's paper money; Shella Graham, one of the first electric butter churns in a crock pot. Kay Kelty a box of miscellaneous items from cups & saucers to jewelry.

Thanks to all!!

Comments From Our visitors

From our sign-in sheets:

"excellent" "Wonderful place", "Very Neat" "Looks Great", "Nice to see, it's clean","Everything was so clean" "I realize I'm not a specialist in this area, however, I can honestly say your selection & display of the history is put out in the best way possible. Thank you sooo much—I'll certainly try to come back again. ", "Things beautifully arranged and so nice & clean. Really enjoyed the museum." "Very helpful people."

Rare photo belonging to editor, Barbara Hegne.

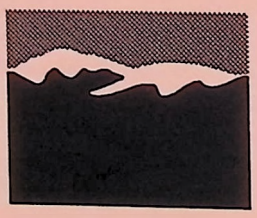
This photo taken August 1896, is of the Mazama excursion to Crater Lake. The two ladies in front dressed alike are the Woodruff sisters, Pearl and Ora. Pearl is on the right playing the guitar. The Woodruff family settled at Union creek and present day Woodruff Meadows is named after them. The sisters were accomplished musicians and they played duet violins. They are mentioned in the early newspapers as providing excellent entertainment for the local dances. Pearl married Chris Beale who ties into Barbara's family. While researching the photo, Barbara wanted to know the snow condition in August since the photo has a lot of snow. She received the following letter:

Dear Barbara

"Your letter of July 1 certainly intrigued me. I have examined the few records we have of the 1896 Mazama excursion to Crater Lake and have not found very many direct references to weather or snow conditions. The enclosed extract from a newspaper article of the time indicates that the cone of Wizard Island still had snow in early August. Other references tell of Mount McLoughlin's snow persisting throughout the summer in the 19th century such that its "glacier" at the time drew the Mazamas and qualified their climb as an official one for membership.

You may also be interested to know that very few (only two) photographs of that trip are presently known."

Stephen R. Mark
Park Historian



Welcome

New members to Welcome are:

Joan Hust
Larry & Beverly Johnson
Chaparral RanchHouse
Lynda Rodgers
Roger Harnish
Cris & Sue Galpin
Wayne & Roberta Dinsmore
Chuck Johnson

Tunnel 13 HOLDUP

Staging the West's last great train holdup in 1923, the DeAutremont brothers murdered four men and blew up the mail car of southern Pacific's Shasta Limited, No. 13.

By Carole Nielson

"Bump off the old man and let's get out of here!" Two slugs from a Colt .45 automatic pistol slammed into the head of Sidney L. Bates. The white-haired engineer, the last of four men to die in the bloodiest mail train holdup in United States history, slumped over in the cab of his locomotive. One of the biggest manhunts the government had ever conducted was about to begin.

It was shortly after high noon, an unlikely time for a train robbery, on October 11, 1923. The scene of the crime was the summit of the Siskiyou Mountains just north of the Oregon-California border. Southern Pacific's Shasta Limited, No. 13, poked its nose out of the south exit of Tunnel 13 at 12:32 p.m. and ground to a halt with the cab of the engine barely clearing the portal.

Minutes earlier the train had left the hamlet of Ashland, Ore., southbound on its regular run between Portland and San Francisco. As it snaked its way up the rugged, heavily timbered slopes, three men waited in the brush, planning their first train robbery and dreaming of the $45,000 rumored to be aboard the "Gold Special." The three would-be train robbers were Ray and Roy DeAutremont (sometimes spelled D'Autremont), identical twins, and their younger brother Hugh.

Holed up in a cabin nearby, the brothers had plotted for days, checking the schedule of the Shasta Limited, calculating the best time and place to pull off the holdup, and selecting a day when they felt the most valuable mail would be on board. They had prepared a hideout under some fallen logs near a small stream, supplied with a cache of food, blankets, ammunition and medical supplies.

On the morning of October 11, carrying guns, knapsacks, flashlights, wire, a detonating machine wrapped in a pair of Roy's overalls, a 1-pound can of black pepper and a suitcase full of dynamite, the DeAutremonts left the cabin and hiked to the tunnel. They soaked their shoes in creosote to prevent trailing by bloodhounds and smeared their faces with dark greasepaint to thwart identification. Hiding the dynamite near the south end of the tunnel, they then sprinkled the ground with pepper to further confuse any dogs that might be used to track them.

Hugh and Roy took up a tense vigil near the north entrance, each armed with a Colt .45 automatic. At the opposite end of the 3,000-foot tunnel, Ray, armed with a repeating shotgun and a .45-caliber pistol, crouched behind some brush, nervously smoking cigarettes while he waited.

After a brief stop, Train 13 rumbled out of remote Siskiyou Station, elevation 4,130 feet, and chugged its way toward the summit. Inside the mail car, Elvyn E. Dougherty was sorting the mail that had been thrown on in Ashland. It was Dougherty's scheduled day off, but as a favor to another employee who wanted to go hunting, he had agreed to work in his place.

The train's shrill whistle pierced the mountain stillness and echoed through the canyons. The coaches were crowded with day passengers enjoying the spectacular scenery as the train climbed ever higher. It was unusually warm for Indian summer, with temperatures in the high 60s. The sweet scent from pine, Douglas fir and incense cedars drifted in through open windows. Reds and yellows of vine maple blazed across the hillsides, and the pink and crimson foliage of dogwood punctuated the dark evergreen forests.

A few hundred feet from the tunnel, engineer Sid Bates slowed the train to do the required brake test before the long descent down the California side of the Siskiyous.

As planned, the reduced speed gave the young bandits the perfect opportunity to scramble aboard before the train entered the tunnel. Roy and Hugh sprang from their hiding places and sprinted alongside the train, which was gathering speed faster than the brothers had anticipated.

"Faster, damn it!" Roy shouted. "We're gonna miss it!"

In the lead, Hugh managed to hook an arm over the bottom rung of an iron ladder and swing himself up, but Roy was having trouble keeping up as the train gained momentum. When his pistol slipped from his belt and clattered onto the tracks, he hesitated momentarily, losing still more ground. Hugh realized Roy's predicament, dropped to the lowest rung and stretched out a leg to help. Roy grabbed the toe of his brother's shoe and with all the strength left in him pulled himself forward just enough to reach the iron bar. Breathless, the two clung to the side of the train as it steamed toward the tunnel. If the section crew saw them, they paid little attention. Hobos were always hitching a ride.

Safe aboard, the robbers clambered over the cars and jumped down into the cab of the locomotive, taking engineer Bates and his young fireman, Marvin Seng, completely by surprise. Hugh waved his .45 menacingly in the engineer's face.

"All right," he snapped, "stop this train so the engine just clears the tunnel, and be quick about it! Understand?"

Bates nodded.

"If you don't, the fireman's gonna take your place cause you'll be dead!"

Bates studied the two greasepainted faces.

"I've got to turn on the bell," he said.

"What bell?" Hugh demanded.

"The warning bell. Anytime we enter a tunnel, we've got to turn on the bell. It's a company rule," Bates responded.

Hugh looked questioningly at Roy. Roy shrugged and reluctantly gave Bates the go-ahead.

Number 13 entered the half-mile tunnel with its electric bell clanging. Seconds later Bates hit the air brakes, and the engine ground slowly to a stop just outside the tunnel exit.

Hugh ordered Bates and Seng out of the cab and marched them, arms raised, toward the front of the engine. As Ray came running down the track, shotgun cradled across one arm, Dougherty slid open the mail car door and stuck his head out. Startled by the noise, Ray jerked the trigger of his shotgun, sending a spray of buckshot rattling against the side of the car. The mail clerk

ducked back inside, then slammed and locked the door.

"What the hell you shootin' at?" Roy yelled.

"The mail clerk poked his head out of the car, so I took a shot at him just to scare him," Ray replied. "I can handle the dynamite. See if you can talk that guy out of the mail car."

Roy ran to the mail car and pounded on the door.

"Hey, you inside!" he shouted. "We've got dynamite out here, and we're gonna get in one way or another. You might as well make it easy on yourself."

Dougherty refused to open the door.

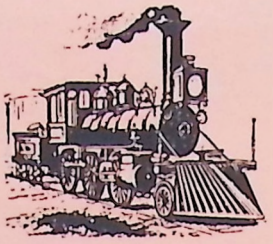
"Listen, if you ever want to sort mail for Uncle Sam again, open this door!"

No response.

"He won't come out," Roy blurted angrily.

Ray raced to retrieve the suitcase of dynamite. "We've got to get that door open fast. Someone's gonna start wonderin' what's goin' on up here and come up to check."

Meanwhile, Hugh Haffey, who was working in the baggage car, also wondered about the unscheduled stop. He eased open the door and caught sight of two men holding Sid Bates and Marvin Seng at gunpoint. He quietly closed and bolted the door.



Roy ran to the mail car and pounded on the door. "Hey, you inside!" he shouted. "We've got dynamite out here, and we're gonna get in one way or another."

Ray handed the suitcase to Roy, who placed it against the front end of the mail car, piling a few extra sticks of dynamite on top.

Ray had the most experience with explosives, so the plan was for him to set off the blast. In the excitement, however, Roy dashed to the detonator and pushed the plunger down. A spark danced along the wire. An instant later an orange flash boomed out of Tunnel 13, shaking the ground and sending debris flying. The force knocked the twins flat on their backs, and the deafening roar reverberated from mountainside to mountainside. Crumpled like a tin can squashed in a giant vice, the front end of the mail car was ripped open. A thick cloud of dust and smoke boiled from the mouth of the tunnel. Scalding steam spewed from ruptured pipes. The explosion was so powerful it was heard several miles away in Hilt, Calif.

Back at Siskiyou Station, railroad employees Leonard and Chester Smith were relaxing after lunch when they heard a thunderous roar. Thinking No. 13's boiler had blown, they jumped to their feet, grabbed a couple of fire extinguishers and headed over the ridge toward Tunnel 13, 20 minutes away by foot.

Before leaving, they telegraphed Ashland, Medford, Ore., and Yreka, Calif., that the Shasta Limited's engine had exploded. Work crews were dispatched to the scene.

At the site of the holdup, confusion reigned.

As he began to pick himself up off the ground, Ray screamed, "How much dynamite did you put in there?"

"I don't know," Roy retorted. "I put in everything you gave me!"

"How the hell're we supposed to find anything in there?" Ray shouted.

"I'll go in. You help Hugh watch those two," Roy motioned toward Bates and Seng. "Give me your pistol."

"Where's yours?" Ray demanded.

"I lost it," Roy confessed.

"Damn it!" Ray mumbled as he handed Roy his .45.

A thick wall of black smoke, intense heat and hissing steam confronted Roy at the tunnel entrance. Dynamite fumes burned his eyes. It was almost impossible to breathe, and his flashlight proved useless as he groped his way along the train. When he finally reached the mail car, he found a blazing inferno. Bits and pieces of mail were scattered all over the ground.

Two baggage cars, four passenger coaches and two sleepers remained in the tunnel. The blast had rocked the cars, shattered windows and sent glass flying among frightened passengers, cutting several of them.

Conductor C.O. Merritt, brakeman Coyl Johnson and Herbert Micander, a Southern Pacific civil engineer, were in one of the passenger coaches when they heard the explosion. Merritt obtained a fusee for illumination, and they cautiously worked their way through the smoky blackness as far as they thought safe. Then Merritt and Micander turned back. Coyl Johnson, carrying his red brakeman's lantern, brushed past them and continued toward the front of the train.

Roy was frantically trying to uncouple the burning mail car when he saw the red light and unsuspecting brakeman coming through the haze. With pistol drawn, he confronted Johnson. "Mister, your life is in greater danger right now than at any time in your life." Roy threatened.

The astonished brakeman froze. "Who are you?" he asked.

"None of your business! Get this car uncoupled and make it snappy!" Roy barked.

Johnson worked feverishly, but the coupling was jammed. "It's twisted. Must've been the blast."

"This mail car's gotta be moved!" Roy yelled.

"Maybe if the engine pulled ahead a bit, it might help," Johnson offered.

"All right. Go up front and tell the others to have the engineer pull the train ahead," Roy commanded. "If you try anything, I swear I'll kill ya! Make sure you keep those hands in the air all the time. I'll be able to see you from here," he lied.

Still carrying the red lantern, the brakeman stumbled through the dust and smoke, making sure to keep his hands in the air. When Ray and Hugh saw him suddenly emerging from the murkiness, the two panicky brothers hastily concluded he must have killed Roy. Ray whirled and blasted him in the stomach with a round of buckshot just as Johnson yelled, "Wait a minute, boys!" At the same time, Hugh put a .45 slug in him.

"That other fella back there said to pull ahead," Coyl Johnson gasped as he slumped to the ground. Hugh shot the dying brakeman again. Roy, who had been waiting in the heat and smoke for the train to pull ahead, grew more furious and frustrated by the second when nothing happened. He felt his way back through the tunnel to where Hugh and Ray were, saw the brakeman lying in a pool of blood, and yelled, "What happened?"

"We shot him," Ray stated flatly.

"Did he tell you to pull the train ahead?" Roy questioned.

"We didn't give him much of a chance," Hugh replied.

"Damn it, everything's going wrong!" Roy fumed. "We got to have them pull the train ahead in order to unhitch the mail car."

Ray swung his shotgun toward Bates. "Get up in the cab and pull that damned car out of the tunnel!" he ordered.

Bates climbed back into the cab with Hugh right behind him, pistol pressed against his back. Marvin Seng stayed on the ground.

copies

Hugh

Roy

Ray

originals at SOHS:

Bates released the brakes and eased the throttle forward. The wheels made a scraping sound as they spun on the tracks. The train would not budge. All the while the bell kept up its incessant, maddening clanging.

"What's wrong?" Ray screamed from the ground.

Bates leaned out of the cab. "I dunno. Maybe the blast knocked the wheels off the tracks."

The twins checked the cars and found none were off the tracks. Ray shouted at Bates, "There's nothin' wrong with the cars! Try it again!"

Bates pushed the throttle forward. Again the wheels spun on the tracks.

Ray jumped up on the step of the cab. "Are you tryin' to pull a fast one? 'Cause if you are, you're a dead man!" he yelled in the engineer's face.

"There's nothin' I can do," said Bates, shrugging. "The train won't move! Why don't you fellas get out of here while you still got a chance?"

"I'm givin' the orders!" Ray snarled. "Try it again!"

Bates made one more attempt, but the train still would not budge.

Ray grumbled, "We're gonna have to go in there and try and get the money where the car sits!"

Roy looked at him incredulously. "It's pitch black in there!"

"Have you got a better idea?" Ray snapped.

Roy glanced at 23-year-old Marvin Seng, who was still standing alongside the tracks with his arms in the air. "What about him?"

"We don't need him!" Ray spat.

Methodically, Roy turned toward Seng and fired two bullets into his body, the impact slamming him against the locomotive. Seng slowly slid to the ground, leaving streaks of blood on the metal. Two dead men now lay beside the engine.

Hugh continued guarding Bates with his .45 while the twins disappeared into the tunnel.

"Damn it, I can't see a thing! The damn mail is probably burned to hell. What're we gonna do?" Roy sputtered. "we can't pull the train up. We can't get into the...mail car, and the sheriff is probably already on his way!"

The mail car was a blazing hell. The smoke and heat were unbearable. Ray reasoned it would take an hour before they could enter the mail car, and by that time a posse could be there. "Come on, Roy," he said dejectedly. "We're beat. We can't do anything."

Roy stared at Ray, his mouth open. "You mean we killed three men and blew up a train...? You mean we did it all for nothin?" he yelled, his voice cracking.

"It's over, for Chrissake! We can't do anything else! What the hell do you want me to say? I'm sorry?" Ray blurted. "Well, I'm sorry, but it's not gonna change a thing. Let's get the hell out of here before the posse comes! If they catch us after what we've done, they'll lynch us right here. Come on!" He tugged on Roy's arm.

The two made their way back to the front of the train.

Ray growled at Hugh, who was still guarding Sid Bates in the cab of the engine, "Bump off the old man and let's get out of here!"

Hugh shoved his Colt against the terrified engineer's head and yanked on the trigger. Another railroadman was dead.

The three brothers scrambled up the hill and broke into a panicky run. Having no loot to carry, they left the knapsacks lying beside the tracks along with Roy's overalls and the pistol he had dropped while boarding the train. Breathlessly, they reached the top of a ridge, where Hugh and Roy began arguing over the direction of their hideout. They followed Hugh's advice until it was apparent they were lost; then they decided to let Roy lead. The approaching drone of an airplane motor could be heard as they darted through brush, scrambled over boulders and jumped fallen logs. It was nearly dark when the exhausted desperados crawled into their cache. The hideout was two or three miles northwest of the south entrance of Tunnel 13, in terrain so rough it has never been found since the DeAutremonts left it.

Back at the tunnel, conductor Merritt and Herbert Micander were waiting at the north entrance for Coyl Johnson to return when they thought they heard gunshots. They started feeling their way through the smoke, but the mail car was still blazing so fiercely it was impossible to pass. They waited for at least 10 minutes before the flames died down enough for them to proceed. When Merritt finally stumbled into the daylight at the south end of the tunnel, he was stunned by the spectacle before him. Coyl Johnson was lying face up, his midsection blown away by the shotgun blast. Marvin Seng's lifeless body lay close beside the locomotive, and Sidney Bates was slumped in the cab of his engine with a gaping hole in the back of his head.

Merritt was still trying to recover from the shock when the Smith brothers arrived from Siskiyou Station. "They all died," Merritt stammered.

One of the Smiths headed for the burning mail car, but stopped short when his brother warned that the killers might still be inside. Herbert Micander ran the entire mile to the railroad camp of White Point for help.

The telegraph operator at Siskiyou was soon tapping out the message that Southern Pacific's No. 13 had been held up and several of the crew murdered.

When word was received in Yreka, Calif., Siskiyou County Sheriff Calkins hastily called a posse together and set out for the stranded train. In Jacksonville, Ore., Jackson County Sheriff Charles Terrill deputized several groups and ordered them to fan out through the mountains in search of the killers.

Sheriff Calkins and his posse raced toward the scene, but railroad crews summoned to the disaster by the Smith brothers' message got there ahead of them. Upon his arrival, Calkins found an enraged mob of railroad men armed with rifles, picks, shovels, sledgehammers and clubs scouring gullies and combing brush near the tunnel for any sign of the murderers. There was talk of lynching.

An engine was brought from Siskiyou Station and used to pull the baggage cars, coaches and Pullman sleepers out of the tunnel. The smoldering mail car, tender and engine remained inside.

There was no sign of Elvyn Dougherty, and rescuers held little hope of finding him alive.

By the time Sheriff Terrill arrived, crowds of passengers and workmen were milling around the tracks, trampling what could have been valuable evidence. A dazed Hugh Haffey, who had been knocked unconscious by the blast, came forward to tell how he had seen two men holding Sid Bates and Marvin Seng at gunpoint. A hobo was rounded up who said he had witnessed two men in overalls jumping aboard the train just before it entered the tunnel. Based on information gleaned from these witnesses, an all-points bulletin was issued describing the two men as both being between 20 and 30 years old, 5 feet 7 or 5 feet 8 inches tall and about 160 pounds.

Lawmen scoured the area. They found Roy's .45 pistol, but it had the serial numbers filed off. The three knapsacks, detonator, empty pepper can and Roy's overalls were also found.

When the mail car cooled enough to be searched, all that was found of Dougherty's body was his skull and some of his vertebrae.

Within minutes of the initial reports of the holdup, Daniel O'Connell, chief agent of Southern Pacific, was phoned at his San Francisco office. He left immediately for Southern Oregon, arriving at the scene of the crime on October 12. The 56-year-old O'Connell was credited with the capture of the notorious train robber Roy Gardner, who was one of the idols of the DeAutremont brothers.

During the next few days the manhunt expanded. Several suspects were rounded up and questioned but quickly released. The overalls and other items found at the scene were examined by a number of law officers and agents without turning up any real clues as to the identity or number of killers. Desperate for leads, Inspector O'Connell sent the overalls and other evidence to Edward Oscar Heinrich, a noted chemist and criminologist on the staff of the University of California.

Days passed. There were no new leads. The only thing found by the hundreds of men swarming through the Siskiyous was the cabin where the DeAutremonts had holed up while planning the robbery. O'Connell was in a pessimistic frame of mind when Heinrich finally called.

"One of the men you're looking for is a left-handed lumberjack who has worked in the Northwest recently. He is about 26 years old, has brown hair, weighs about 165 pounds, and has a fair complexion. I believe he is about 5 feet 8 inches tall, and he's rather fastidious in his personal habits," Heinrich declared.

O'Connell could not believe his ears!

Heinrich went on to explain, "There are streaks of fresh pitch in the overalls that could have gotten there only through contact with pine trees. This, of course, suggests that our man is a lumberjack. I found Douglas fir needles in the pockets. This places him in the Northwest. A few strands of hair on the overalls tells us his hair color and also determines his approximate age."

"How do you know our man is left-handed?" O'Connell asked.

"There are worn places on the right side of the overalls, but none on the left; so our man must have been standing with his right side against a tree while swinging an axe. This, of course, leads us to believe that he is left-handed."

"Well, it certainly looks as if you pinned him down to about everything but his name," O'Connell commented.

"I believe his name is Roy DeAutremont," Heinrich revealed. "I discovered a little piece of faded yellow paper jammed down in the narrow pencil pocket of the overalls. There appeared to be no writing on it, but under a microscope, I detected some faint pen scratches. I brought them out under treatment in the laboratory."

O'Connell was elated. The scrap of paper proved to be a receipt for a registered letter mailed by Roy DeAutremont at Eugene, Ore., on September 14, 1923, showing that $50 had been sent on that date to Hugh DeAutremont at Lakewood, N.M.

Inspector O'Connell sent a squad of detectives to Eugene, where they interviewed Paul DeAutremont, an elderly barber, who told them he had three sons—Ray and Roy, 26-year-old identical twins, and Hugh, who was 19. The officers also learned from the elder DeAutremont that Hugh had recently come north from Lakewood, N.M. where he had graduated from high school the previous June. All three brothers had been working as lumberjacks near Silverton, Ore. It was further determined that Roy was left-handed.

At the University of California Heinrich continued working on the case, turning up more valuable evidence. At first it appeared that only three digits were legible on the gun found at the holdup scene, but Heinrich discovered a full set of numbers under the top strap of the pistol frame. The gun was traced to Seattle. Further investigations showed that it had been purchased by a man who signed his name William Elliott, but handwriting analysis revealed it to be Roy DeAutremont's signature.Purchase of some of the utensils found in the cabin in the Siskiyous where the brothers had planned the holdup was traced to the DeAutremont

⇦ The mail car of Southern Pacific's Shasta Limited, No. 13, after being blown open. Ray DeAutremont thought brother Roy had used a little too much dynamite.
Courtesy Southern Oregon Historical Society # 6791

brothers. An express tag found on the suitcase left at the scene of the crime showed Roy DeAutremont had shipped it from Eugene on January 21, 1923, to himself in Portland.

For 12 days after the holdup, Ray, Roy and Hugh lay side by side in their dugout under the logs, venturing out only to answer nature's call. Running low on food, they decided that Ray should attempt to go to Eugene and pick up the car they had left there for use in their getaway.

Ray took back the .45 he had given Roy during the holdup, made his way back to Tunnel 13, and hopped a northbound train, losing his revolver in the process. He rode into Ashland, strolled into a restaurant and picked up a newspaper. Staring at him from the front page were his and Roy's pictures. Glaring headlines asked: "Have you see the D'Autremont Twins?"

Ray was stunned. He walked outside. He saw circulars about them on practically every corner and their wanted posters on all the telephone poles. A reward of $14,400 was being offered for them, dead or alive!

It was out of the question to try and retrieve the car from Eugene now. Ray decided he had to get some money and take food back to his brothers. He walked the several miles to Jacksonville, where he obtained a job picking apples. He took up residence in a boarding house owned by Dave Finley and soon learned that Finley was one of the men looking for the DeAutremonts.

Roy later described the situation; "Of a night this man would throw out his chest, swell up, holler for his wife to bring him his sheepskin coat, and ostentatiously strap his belt on, shove his gun down in the holster and with a great show of bravado, stalk out the door going after the DeAutremont boys with one of them sitting right in his house."

After several days, Roy and Hugh gave Ray up for dead; but much to their surprise, he reappeared at the hideout with what little food he could carry and related the depressing news. The trio stayed hidden under the logs a few more days until their grub was about gone. Ray was despondent and talked of suicide. Roy persuaded him they should die fighting if necessary, and Hugh said he would go along with whatever his older brothers decided to do.

They packed their meager food supplies—mostly raisins—Hugh's .45, the shotgun, what shells they could carry and their bedrolls. Early on the morning of October 29, the fugitives crawled stiffly from their hideout and struck out west through the mountains toward the coast while hundreds of men still searched for them.

Weak from hunger and exposure, they walked west for three days, passing several still-warm campfires of bounty hunters. On the fourth day out, with snow falling, they stumbled upon a deserted cabin. Inside they found some beans, cooked and ate them, and spent the night. Next morning, they headed west again. They spent a miserable night in the snow, and that convinced them their only chance was to get back to civilization, where they could find something to eat.

Over the next several days, they slowly made their way toward Hilt, Calif. They spent one whole day resting in a deserted cabin, and another day they stole meat from a commissary supply house stocked with food for loggers. Most nights they huddled around small campfires in the brush. With shaggy beards, filthy clothes and worn-out shoes, the trio bore little resemblance to the pictures of the dapper young men on the wanted posters.

On the night they made it to Hilt, they were spotted by a couple of law officers and had a narrow escape. "It looked like the finish for us then for sure," Roy remembered. "Ray wanted to finish the whole thing and give up...but I couldn't do it. I said, 'No Ray, let's go through with it,' and Hugh agreed to do whatever we did."

Next morning, the decision was made to split up. To keep traveling as a trio was too conspicuous. A plan was hatched to keep in touch. In 30 days they would write each other, using the aliases of Johnie Johnson for Roy, William R. Elliott for Ray, and James C. Price for Hugh. They made a pact to meet on New Year's Day 1928, at the largest YMCA in New York City. The brothers were grim-faced as they said their goodbyes. Ray went east and Roy and Hugh traveled south together for a couple more days, then parted company.

Nearly three years passed. Dan O'Connell continued directing the manhunt, which had become worldwide. A total of 2,265,000 wanted posters were printed in English, Spanish, German, French, Dutch and Portuguese and distributed by postal inspectors and the Southern Pacific Railroad. The DeAutremonts were reported to have been seen in nearly every part of the United States and several foreign countries. All sightings were checked out, but the trail seemed to lead nowhere.

On June 2, 1926, Army Corporal Charles Reynolds walked into the San Francisco postal inspector's office and announced that he knew the man on a wanted poster he had seen in the Army post office at the Alcatraz Island military barracks where he was stationed. He said it was the photograph of a man he had served with in the Philippines.

On February 11, 1927, "James C. Price" was arrested in Manila. The man calling himself Price shocked law officers when he readily admitted to being Hugh DeAutremont. However, he denied all knowledge of the Oregon crime and said he had no idea of the whereabouts of his twin brothers. He was extradited to Jacksonville, Ore., where he was to stand trial for first-degree murder.

Hugh's arrest was widely publicized and brought renewed fervor in the search for the missing brothers. Radio stations across the country broadcast daily descriptions of the two, and an additional 75,000 wanted posters were circulated.

Albert Collingsworth, an elderly man living in Portsmouth, Ohio, read the account of the Siskiyou holdup in the local newspaper. Recognizing the DeAutremont twins as two men going by the names of Clarence and Elmer Goodwin with whom he had worked, he notified local authorities. The "Goodwins" were arrested on June 8, 1927, in Steubenville, Ohio. They also admitted their identity but denied involvement in

the crime. The twins were taken by train to Oregon, arriving at the Jacksonville jail the day before Hugh went on trial.

On June 21, 1927, Hugh was found guilty. The jury recommended life in prison. Hoping to escape the gallows, Ray and Roy decided to plead guilty. They, too, were sentenced to life in the Oregon state prison. All three DeAutremonts subsequently gave full confessions.

Eventually, Roy was declared hopelessly insane and confined to the criminal ward of the Oregon State Hospital. On November 24, 1958, Hugh, who was then 53 years old and terminally ill, was granted parole. He died on March 30, 1959. Ray was released from prison on October 11, 1961—the 38th anniversary of the holdup.

On the day of Ray's release, Southern Pacific engineers ceased blowing their whistles and ringing the locomotive bells when they passed the Oregon State Penitentiary, a ritual begun in 1927 to remind the DeAutremonts daily of the murders at Tunnel 13. □

Author Carole Nielson of Shady Cove wrote about a 19th-centruy grizzly bear named Old Reelfoot in the Oct., 1993 Wild West Mag.

Ray far left and Roy front, at Jackson County jail in Jacksonville. Both got life sentences. Roy was later judged insane. Courtesy Southern Oregon Historical Society # 14431

One Hundred Years Ago in Eagle Point.

Note, although typed as written, some of the writing was hard to read.

James Fryer known as the 'father of Eagle Point' wrote a daily journal from 1867 until he died in 1912. This is taken from the day December 31, 1885.

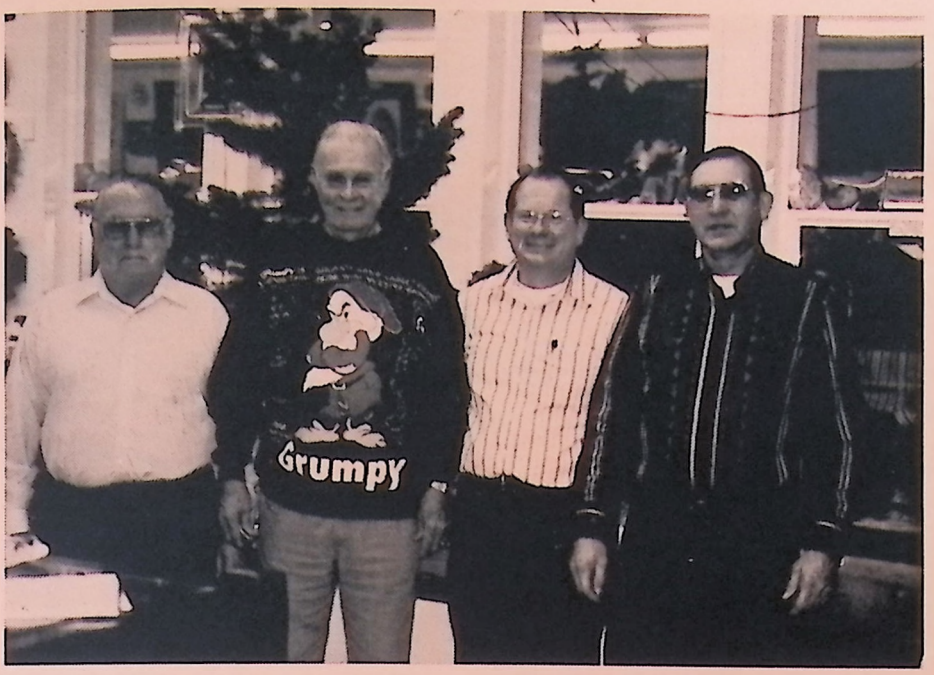
"Light frost & snow squall around cool day, fixed fence put it by... & staked it along the road. Went up to Inlows and got 50 c worth of nails, I was at paps a minit. Vi & Amanda was to mothers to spin sum yarn to knit gloves with. Well this lets out 1885 with its joys & sorrows. Will this has been the worst year on us that we have seen very poor crops but little fruite, our stock died we lost 2 fine fairs & colts a lot of sheap & sum hogs. I have not have very good health till the last half of the year. I have done but little work have been away from home lots, Seteled up the McDaniel estate & that took lots of time, we was at Jacksonville once a week for 7 months & I was there lots besides, we have had a terebel law wrote on open lands, but beat it at last, but the worrey & fret & money out is a nough to make one mad & to about loos faith in the human family, expectely law is ... to say the least, it has been all sorts of a year to us most bad but let her... we cant help it but hope for a better deal in 1886. So all hail the New Year." (See Fryer house pg. 13).

Cover story

The Eagle Point team won all their games against Prospect, Talent, Phoenix, Sam's Valley and Central Point. They became the Jackson County champs. In an interview with Maggie Marshall, she said most of the 12 girls who graduated from Eagle Point in 1931 stayed in contact with each other and many of them met once a month for lunch. Maggie said the basketball games were a fun part of their lives and she said for Mary Hannaford, (who recently passed away), that it was a highlight of her school years.

Neighbors up the Rogue River

This is the last graduating class at the old Laurelhurst School, 1928. After this year, the students were bused to Prospect or Butte Falls. L-R: Bill Edmondson, Jack Casey, Emogene Edmondson, Archie Hall, Mr. Harbeck, teacher. Photo courtesy Lois West.



Four of our board members who helped trim the Christmas tree. Left to right: Chuck Cobun, Vice-President; Walt Barker, Larry Vaughn, Treasurer; Don Reynolds, president.

Chuck Cobun has been in the valley since 1964. For several years he owned the Arco Station -Mechanic Shop on Hwy. 62. Chuck has been a member of the Little Butte Mountain Men since he came to the valley. He runs the Eagle Trader shop which is a place to buy everything from gun powder to indigo to antique beads.

Walt Barker was elected to the board in August. He moved to Eagle Point 11 years ago. During that time he served on the planning commission, city council and was Eagle Point Mayor four years. He was instrumental in getting Eagle Point named "Tree City." He is now working on the historical section of Eagle Point and getting the old buildings identified and documented.

Carol Reynolds is a third generation Oregonion. She has lived in Eagle Point over 30 years. Carol worked as a secretary at the old Alley Mill for Steve Wilson. and now she has been appointed as secretary of the Eagle Point Historical Society. Carol likes to sew and make crafts. She belongs to a bridge group and teaches Sunday School at the Antelope Church. Carol and husband Don (our president) have three children and nine grandchildren.

We never give enough thanks to our volunteers who fix broken items, bring food to meetings, carry the garbage away or help keep the museum open on Saturdays. They are the backbone of the organization and deserve a bouquet.

Board Members

Don Reynolds President
Chuck Cobun, Vice President
Larry Vaughn, Treasurer
Carol Reynolds, Secretary
Board Members:
Helen Wolgamott
Ernie Redington
Walt Barker

Barbara Hegne, Curator

Committees

Virginia Cutler, Historical News
Sharon Barker, Volunteers
Betty Bedingfield, Parliamentarian
Norma Kuyper & Don Reynolds, Cemetery
Walt Barker, Building
Helen Wolgamott, Grounds
Barbara Hegne, Membership

Staff Volunteers:

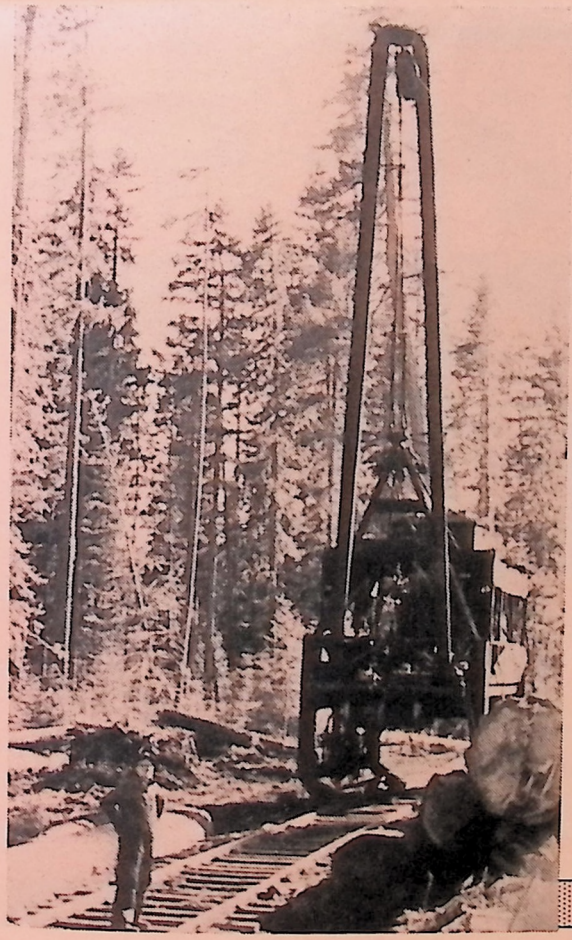
Nicolina Sherlock,
Beryl Hickson
Arlene Hoffman
Midge Harnish
Inita Kaiser
Ernie Redington
Sharon Barker
Walt Barker
Mazie Neece
Helen Wolgamott
Virginia Cutler
Rose Cobun
Sally Corriveau
Carol Reynolds

1910, Sunnyside Hotel, North. Shasta: L-R ?, Harvey Smith, ?, Alfred Howlett, Ma Howlett, Hattie Howlett, Roy Smith, Bob Harnish, Agnes Howlett, Mrs. Clyde Plymire.

⇧ 8th grade graduation, 1912, L-R: top: Charlie Givan, Walter Williams, Floyd Charley, Frances Greb, Edward Williams, Fay Givan and Glenn Haley. Front: Mabel Taylor, Ragnar Bergguirt, Teacher P. H. Dailey and Nevah Taylor.

Butte Falls logging: L-R Ray Tungate & Albert Holm.

Old Mathew's home corner of Brownsboro Road and Reese Creek Road. Photo taken around 1899. L-R: Dudley Polk Mathews, Mary Geary Smith, ?, Viola Smith, ?, Front: Nellie Smith, Polk Smith, Corbett Smith, ?, (boy out of focus unknown).
Photo courtesy Barbara Hegne.



⇧

James J. Fryer's home on South Shasta. Fryer came to Little Butte in 1853. This house was built in 1899.

McGiffort at Butte Falls. Ed Albern in front. Photo courtesy Lloyd Albern.

⇦

Agate School 1906-7

The graduating class of May 23, 1907 included: Elsie Beebe, Cora Gregory, Arvilla McColum and Carl Beebe. They all passed their 8th grade examination with high grades.

The Agate desert was known first as Mound District. The boundry went from the mouth of Little Butte Creek east up into the Rogue River and up Little Butte Creek to Antelope Creek, then south about 3 1/2 miles and west 1/2 mile past four corners, then north to the Rogue River. The Mound school district was established in 1869 and changed to Agate in 1882.

The Agate School was located near the present day intersection of Antelope and Table Rock Roads. You can still see the foundation of the old school under the trees in the pastureland. The first school was one-room and a larger school was built in October 1908. Jack Montgomery ran a small store on the land across from the school and the old post office was a short distance away.

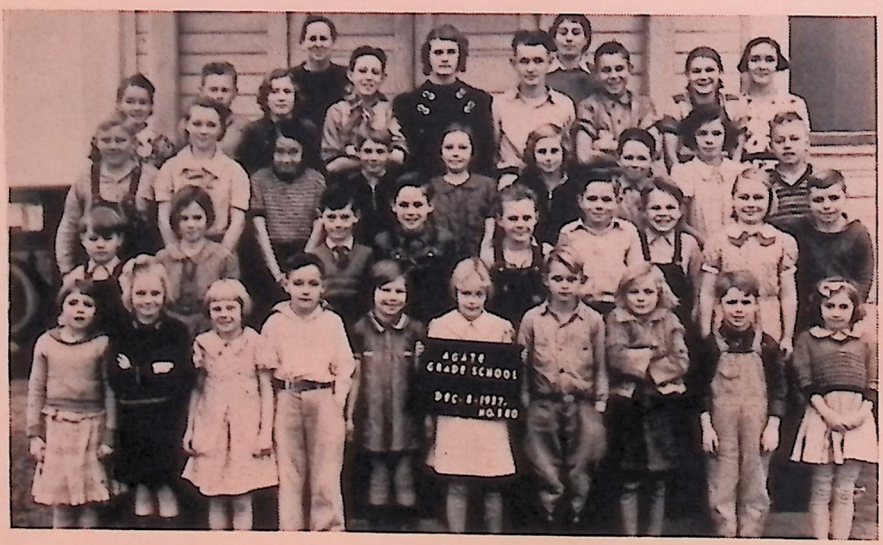
Agate School 1937:

Row 1: Vivian Knoph, Ralient Sutton, Lillian Daughty, Mrs. Hazel Atkins, Cecile Campbell, Lylia Daughty, Royal Gleason, Mrs. Ed Pease, Neil Wollridge, Lorrainne Gleason.

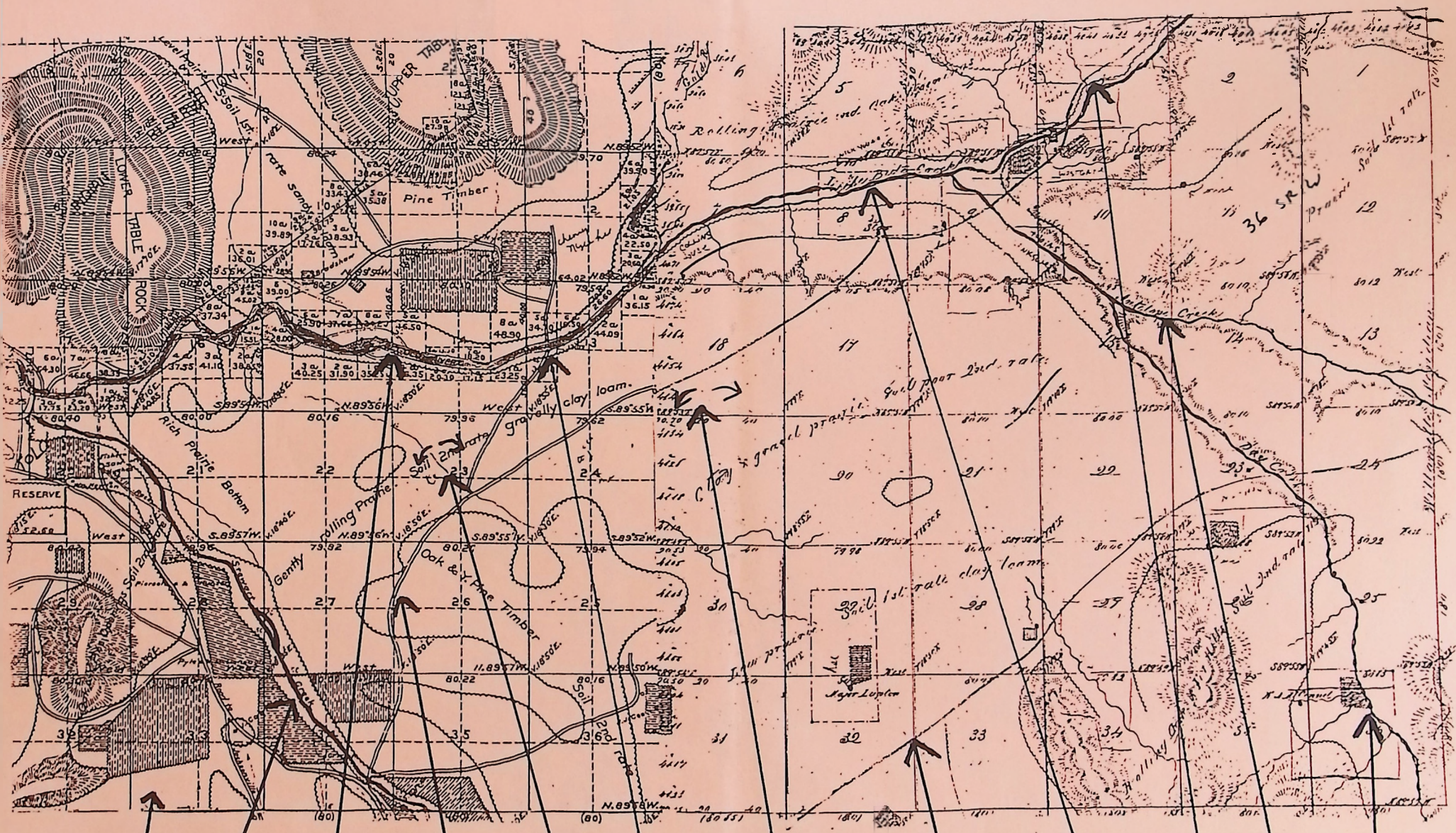
Row 2: Clearance Sutton, Phillip Lybalt, Lucille Cellars, Rose Haseler, Joyce Woolridge, Leo Luybalt, Lola Daugthy, Elton Hanscom.

Row 3: Tommy Godler, Mary Haseler, Tommy Jones, Cluad Campbell, Ernest Millard, Spud Campbell, ? Knoph, Donald Hanscom.

Row 4: Gene Hanscom, Genevinne Sutton, Alfen Gleason, Correim ? Joan Davis, Allen Wooldridge, Lorna Daughty (please excuse any incorrect spelling of names. They were not written clearly on the back).

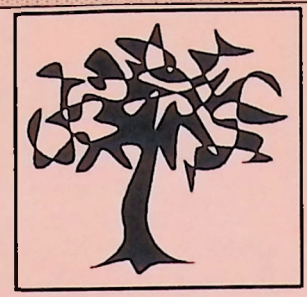


Old wagon road from Jacksonville across the Agate Desert (White City) to Little Butte Creek (Eagle Point), surveyed in 1854. Maps covering TWP 36 South Range 2 and 1 West Map research by Barbara Hegne.



Membership:
Teens $5.00
Single $7.50
Husband & Wife $10.00
Business $10.00
Lifetime $100

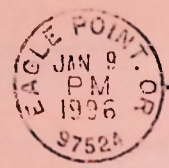
Hours:
Saturday 9 am-4pm
Sunday 1pm-4pm
Tuesday 9am-noon
Others hours by prior arrangement, call Barbara 826-9725



Join Our Family Tree

We are located in the historic district of Eagle Point, Oregon, between the old Antelope Covered bridge and the Butte Creek Mill on North Royal.

Eagle Point Historical Society & Museum
P.O. Box 201
Eagle Point, Oregon
97524



To Woodville Museum
P.O. Box 1288
Rogue River Or
97537